Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou Iacke?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, Iacke?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it, I am an honeſt mans wife, & ſetting thy Knighthoode aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſt. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter ſir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falſt. VVhy? ſhees neither fiſh nor fleſh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, Hoſtes, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day You ought

ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indeede, ſir Iohn, you ſaide ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

Pri. I ſay tis copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fal about thy knees? but ſirra, ther's no roome for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſome of thine. It is all fillde vppe with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorãdums of bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal Doeſt thou heare, hal? thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocency, e *Adam* fell, & what ſhould poore Iacke Falſtalffe do in the daies of villanie? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It apeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee, go make ready breakfaſt, loue thy husband, looke to thy ſeruants, cheriſh thy gheſts, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacifie d ſtill: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

Prince.